

THE

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Original Story;

FROM WHICH

The New COMEDY

OF

GIL BLAS is taken.



Printed for W. OWEN, at *Temple-Bar*.

[Price Sixpence.]

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Printed for W. & A. G. & Co. Ltd.

[Price 2s. 6d.]

T H E

Original Story, &c.

Gil Blas being placed in the Family of Don Vincent de Gusman, gives an Account of the Reception Aurora gave him, &c. &c. &c.

DON *Vincent de Gusman* a wealthy old Gentleman, having lost his Wife by the Hands of the Doctors, who transmitted her to the other World, by the Medicines which should have cured her of a Cough (of which she might still have been in Possession, had she never come under their Hands;) his Thoughts were wholly taken up in the Education of his only Daughter *Aurora*, then entering upon her Six and Twentieth Year: This Lady was in every Respect accomplish'd; with Beauty she claimed a Wit that had been thoroughly cultivated. Her Father was a good sensible Man, and happy in the Management of his Affairs with the greatest Prudence; if he had a Weakness it was the Love of Talking, especially of Wars and Battles; if any one happened upon this String, in his Company, he directly sounded the heroical Trumpet, and lucky was it for his Friends, if they came off with so little as the Relation of two Sieges and three Battles; as two Thirds of his Life had been spent in the Service, his Memory always furnished him with Exploits, which no body heard with such Delight as he related, and the Unhappiness of a stammering Voice joined with great Prolixity, generally made his Stories sufficiently disagreeable: However, all together, few Noblemen

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bore a fairer Character; he was of a good Temper, neither obstinate nor whimsical, which is pretty extraordinary in a Man of Quality, and tho' a good Œconomist, lived with Splendour. His Servants consisted of some Footmen, and three Women that attended upon *Aurora*. I soon saw that I was got into a good Place, and my Care was how to keep it, to this End I apply'd myself to know how Matters stood, studied the Inclinations of every Body in the Family; and by regulating myself accordingly, soon gain'd my Master's Favour, and the Love of all my Fellow-Servants.

In about a Month I began to think that his Daughter distinguished me from all the other Domesticks; every Time her Eyes happen'd to glance on me, I perceiv'd a certain Complaisance not to be found in the Looks she bestow'd upon the others. Had I not lived among L'ops and Players, I might never have imagined that *Aurora* had entertained any Kind of Thoughts of me: But with those Gentlemen, the most virtuous Woman in the World must not expect more Mercy than the vicious. If we may believe those People, says I, the Women of Quality have Whims and Freaks as well as other People, if a Man knows but how to make a right Use of them; and who knows but my Mistress may be as subject to them, as the rest of her Sex. But no, continued I, it can never be so with her, she will never forget the Dignity of her Birth, throw away her Regard upon a Dunghil, and bring an eternal Blot upon her Honour. No, she is rather one of those tender-hearted Creatures, who, tho' strictly virtuous, and taking all the Freedoms that Modesty will allow of, makes no Scruple of entertaining a Passion that may amuse without Danger.

This was my Opinion of my Mistress, and whenever she looked upon me, she always either smiled

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or gave some other Token of her being pleased with me; a wiser Man than myself might have been insnared by such Appearances, and I cou'd not for my Soul help giving Credit to them: I fancied *Aurora* violently smitten, and I began to think myself one of those fortunate Domesticks, whose Servitude is by Love, turned into Ease and Pleasure. That I might in some Measure appear less unworthy the Happiness my good Fortune intended me, I began to be more careful and nice about my Person than I used to be; my Money was expended in Linnen, in Washes, in Essences. The first Thing in a Morning, was to dress up and perfume myself, that I might be prepared, if Occasion offered, to appear before my Mistress; and in this Manner I flatter'd myself that my Happiness was near at Hand.

One of *Aurora's* Women was called *Ortiz*, she was pretty old, had lived above twenty Years in Don *Vincent's* Family, brought up his Daughter, and still retained the Quality of *Dueña*; tho' she no longer perform'd the odious Duty of one. Instead of being a Spy upon *Aurora's* Actions, as formerly, she now looked upon it as her Duty to conceal them; one Evening, having an Opportunity of speaking to me in private, she said to me, in a low Voice: If I could be wise and secret, I might come into the Garden at Midnight, and be informed of some Things which I should not be sorry to know. I seized the old Woman's Hand, answered that I should not fail of being there, and parted for fear of being surprized; how tedious were the Moments till Supper, and from Supper till my Master's Bed Time. I thought every Thing in the House went on ten Times slower than usual; to plague me still more, Don *Vincent* had no sooner retired to his Chamber, than instead of sleeping, immediately fell to fighting over his *Portuguese* Bat-

bles, which he had before tired me with a hundred Times. But had never told me, reserving it for that Night, the Names of the particular Officers that had distinguish'd themselves by any Thing remarkable; nay, he entered into every Exploit he had perform'd, which I had no Patience to listen to. However, at last he put a Stop to the Story, and went to Bed; I flew to my Apartment, thro' which was a Pair of Back-Stairs that led to the Garden, perfumed myself, put on a clean Shirt, forgot nothing that might contribute to heighten the Lady's Affection, and away to the Place of Affignation.

As I did not find *Ortiz* there, I supposed, that having staid for me till she was weary, she had retired to her Chamber, and so the critical Minute was past. Upon this, I could not help wishing *Don Vincent* at the Devil; but as I was cursing his Wars and Campaigns, the Clock struck Ten: I thought it went wrong, and cou'd not persuade myself that it was less than One in the Morning. But happy for me, I was deceived on the right Side; well, says I to myself, I have now no more nor less than two long Hours to attend: However, they can't complain that I have not been punctual. What am I to do with myself till Twelve; why I'll take a Walk in this Garden, and study my Part in the Scene that is approaching, and which is quite new to me; I have not yet been much used to these same Women of Quality. As to a common Wench, or an Actress, you accost them with Familiarity, and come immediately to the Point: But here another Conduct is required, I suppose a Man must be polite, complaisant, tender and respectful, and not too timorous neither. Instead of hurrying on his Happiness by the Violence of his Transports, he must

must wait with Diligence, for the Moment of Weakness.

These were my Arguments, and this was the Rule I determined to follow in my Conversation with *Aurora*. I comforted myself with the Hopes of being shortly at the Feet of that lovely Object, and saying a thousand tender Things to her. I recollected all the Scraps of Plays which might be of Service in our Conference, and heighten her good Opinion of me; and concluded, I should pass for a Wit, like some Players of my Acquaintance, tho' all I had to boast of, was a good Memory. In these Reflections, I heard the Clock strike Eleven, took Heart, and fell again to my *Reverie*, sometimes walking, and sometimes sitting. At length, the Hour so long expected, came to my Relief; and *Ortiz*, as punctual, tho' not so impatient, as myself, appear'd. Signior *Gil Blas*, says she, how long have you waited here? Two Hours says I. You were resolved, I see, says she, laughing, not to be too late. There's some Pleasure in an Assignment with such an one. And indeed, continued she, with a serious Air, you can never make a suitable Return for the good Fortune I come to bring you. My Mistress has a Mind to talk with you in private. I say no more. The rest you must hear from no Mouth but her own. Follow me: I'll carry you to her Apartment. With this, she led me by the Hand, thro' a little Door, of which she had the Key, and brought me into her Mistress's Chamber.

Aurora was in a *Disfhabille*. I saluted her with all the Respect and Grace I was able. She received me smiling, made me sit down by her, notwithstanding all my Excuses, and bid her Ambassadors retire to the next Room. After this Prelude, which had no ill Aspect, *Gil Blas*, says she, you must have perceived that I view you with so much more Favour and
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Distinction than any other Servant my Father has : That tho' my Looks had not informed you of a Kindness I have for you, the Step I have this Night taken ought certainly to convince you of it.

Without giving her Time to proceed, I thought, that as a Man of Gallantry, I was to exempt her Modesty from the Confusion of expressing herself more fully. I rose up transported, and throwing myself at her Feet, like a Theatrical Hero before his Princess, I cried out most vehemently, Madam, is it then possible that *Gil Blas*, the Foot-ball of Fortune, and the Outcast of the Creation, should have the Happiness of inspiring you with Sentiments — Not so loud, interrupted the Lady laughing, you'll wake the Maids, who are asleep but in the next Room. Rise, take your Seat again, and hear me out. Yes, *Gil Blas*, continued she, with an Air of Gravity, I have the greatest Regard for you; and, as a Proof of my Esteem, I shall intrust you with a Secret, upon which depends the Quiet of my whole Life. I am in love with a young Cavalier who is handsome, and of a noble Family. His Name is Don *Lewis Pacheco*: I now and then see him in Publick; but never yet spoke to him, nor do I know what Character he has in the World, nor what Vices he may be guilty of: Now this is the Thing I would be inform'd in: And some body I shall want to enquire carefully into his Manner of Living, and to give me a faithful Account of all he discovers. I choose you for this Purpose: I am confident I may safely trust you with this Commission; and hope you will acquit yourself with such Address and Discretion, that I may not repent having placed my Confidence in you.

Here she was silent, expecting an Answer to what she said. I was at first not a little confounded at having the Change put upon me in this Manner; but

but I soon recover'd myself, and testify'd so much Zeal for her Ladyship's Interest, and devoted myself to her Service with such Warmth, that if I did not undeceive her when she imagined I had flatter'd myself that she was in love with me ; at least, I convinced her that I knew how to make up for a foolish Action after I had committed it. I ask'd but two Days to give her a full Account of Don *Lewis*. After this, she call'd *Ortiz*, who led me back into the Garden, and told me at parting, she need not put me in Mind of coming soon enough to the Place of Appointment: She well knew how punctual a Man I was in Things of this Nature.

I return'd to my Chamber, not without the Vexation of finding myself balk'd. However, I had Sense to reflect, that it was more agreeable to my Condition to be my Mistress's Confident, than her Lover. I considered, this might come to be of some Advantage to me ; that Brokers in Love are generally well rewarded for their Pains ; and so went quietly to Bed with a Resolution to do whatever *Aurora* should command me. I entered upon this Affair the very next Morning. The House of so noble a Cavalier as Don *Lewis*, was not hard to find. I enquired about him in the Neighbourhood ; but the Persons I applied to, could not fully satisfy my Curiosity. This obliged me to renew my Search again next Day, when I was more successful by meeting a Fellow of my Acquaintance. Whilst we stood talking a little, there pass'd by a Friend of his, who accosted us, and told us he was just turn'd out of the Service of Don *Joseph Pacheco*, Don *Lewis's* Father, for a Tierce of Wine he was accused of stealing. I did not omit this Opportunity of informing myself in every Thing I wanted to know ; and ask'd so many Questions, that I returned home, well pleased at being able to keep my Word with my Mistress.

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The next Night I was to see her again at the same Hour, and in the same Manner as before. I was not now so uneasy as then, and was so far from hearing my old Master's Stories with Impatience, that I myself brought upon the Board the Subject of his Campaigns. I waited for Twelve with the most Philosophical Tranquility in the World; and it was not till I had heard it strike by several Clocks, that I went down into the Garden, without either Essences or Perfumes about me.

At the Place of Rendezvous the punctual *Dueña* was in waiting, and maliciously upbraided me with having lessen'd my Diligence. I made no Reply, but follow'd her to the Apartment of *Aurora*, who immediately ask'd me if I had enquired thoroughly into Don *Lewis's* Character. Yes, Madam, says I; and will in two Words inform you what I have heard. First then, you must know, he is soon to return to *Salamanca*, in order to finish his Studies; A Cavalier of great Honour and Probity: And for Courage, being a Gentleman and a *Castilian*, it is not possible he should want it. He has a great deal of Wit, and is of a very engaging Behaviour: But lastly, (which you'll perhaps think the worst Part of the Story) he is too much of the Temper of most of our young Noblemen; he is a confounded Rake. Would you think it? As young as he is, he has already had two Actresses in keeping. What do I hear, cried *Aurora*? What a Character is this! But, *Gil Blas*, are you sure he is so licentious? That, Madam, I do not in the least doubt of, replied I. A Servant, whom they turn'd away this Morning, told it me; and Servants are not very sparing when they tell their Masters Faults. Besides, he herds with Don *Alexo Seguiar*, Don *Antonio Centelles*, and Don *Fernando de Gamboa*. This alone plainly demonstrates it. 'Tis enough, *Gil Blas*, said my Mistress

strefs sighing : I am resolved to overcome my unworthy Affection. Tho' it has already taken Root too deeply in my Heart, yet I do not despair of tearing it out. There, said she, putting into my Hand a Purse, take that for your Trouble : take Care not to reveal this Secret ; and remember that I depend entirely upon your Silence.

I assured my Mistress, that she might be quite at Ease, and that I was the very *Harpocrates* of Confidants. Upon this, I retired ; impatient to know the Contents of the Purse, which I found to be twenty Pistoles. If *Aurora*, thinks I, pays so well for ill News, what would she have done, had the Account I brought her, been what she desired ? I repented that I did not imitate the Lawyers, who generally in their Verbal Processes conceal the real Matter of Fact. I was sorry I had nip'd in the Bud a Gallantry, that might have proved so gainful to me.

Soon after this Adventure, Signior Don *Vincent* fell sick ; the Symptoms of his Illness were so violent, as to give Reason to apprehend some fatal Event. The Moment he was taken, the two most famous Doctors in *Madrid* were sent for ; Dr. *Andros*, and Dr. *Oquetos*. They examined him with Attentiveness, and after an exact Observation, agreed that the Humours were in a Ferment ; but they could agree in nothing else. I find it speedily necessary, said *Andros*, to purge the Humours, while they are yet in a violent Agitation, as it were of Flux and Reflux, lest they should fix upon some of the nobler Parts. *Oquetos*, on the other Hand, persisted in staying till the Humours were concocted before they made use of Purgation. But your Method, replied the First, is directly contrary to that of the Prince of Physick ; *Hippocrates* advises us to purge in the Beginning of the most

violent Fever; and says, in so many Words, that we should be sure to do it speedily, when the Humours are in *Orgasm*, that is to say, while they are in a Fermentation. Ay, that's what deceives you, replied *Oquetos*: *Hippocrates*, by the Word *Orgasm*, does not mean a *Ferment*, but a Concoction of the Humours.

Our Doctors were now grown warm. One quotes the *Greek* Text, and brings in all the Authors that explain it as he does; the other, relying upon a *Latin* Translation, out-bawls his Adversary. Which of their Advices should we take? Don *Vincent*, for his Part, had no Skill in the Dispute. However, finding himself obliged to make choice of one, he fixed upon him who had dispatched most Patients. I mean, the Oldest: And immediately *Andros*, who was the *Junior*, turned upon his Heel and march'd off, not without casting some Reflections upon his *Senior* about the Word *Orgasm*. *Oquetos* thus got the Day, and began his Work by fetching half my Master's Blood out of his Body, meaning not to purge him till the Humours were concocted; but Death, who I suppose was afraid of a Purgation so wisely deferr'd, was beforehand with the Concoction, and carry'd off the Patient. This was the End of Signior Don *Vincent*, who lost his Life, because his Doctor did not understand *Greek*.

Aurora bury'd her Father in all the Pomp his Birth and Quality required, and took upon her the Administration of his Estate. Being now her own Mistress, she turn'd off some of her Servants. I was one of those, whom she retained, went with her into the Country, and had the good Fortune to become necessary to her. Notwithstanding the faithful Account I had given her of Don *Lewis*, she still loved that Cavalier; and would now talk to me freely without Fear or Precaution. *Gil Blas*,
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said she, with a Sigh, I can never forget Don *Lewis*: do what I will to drive him from my Thoughts, he continually offers himself to them, not as he is described by you, plunged in Vice and Disorder; but as I could wish him, tender, passionate, and constant. At these Words, she burst into Tears, which had like to have set me a weeping too: I was moved at this Sight, and could never have made my Court to her better, than when I was concerned at her Uneasiness. My good Friend, continued she, after having wiped away her Tears, I see you are of a very tender Nature, and I am so pleased with your Zeal, that I am resolved to reward it. Your Assistance, *Gil Blas*, is now more necessary than ever, and I'll acquaint you with the Project I have form'd: which you'll think a very whimsical one. Know then, that I intend to set out as soon as possible for *Salamanca*. There I shall disguise my self like a Cavalier, and under the feign'd Name of Don *Felix* get acquainted with *Pacheco*. By this Means I may chance to win his Friendship and Confidence: I'll talk to him of *Aurora de Gusman*, whose Relation I shall pass for, it's not impossible he'll desire to see her, and that's what I drive at. I'll take two Lodgings at *Salamanca*: In one as Don *Felix*; in the other as *Aurora*; and by appearing to Don *Lewis*, at one time in the Habit of a Man, and at another in my own, I may by Degrees draw him into my Snare. This my Project is I own somewhat extravagant; but Love runs away with Reason, and the Innocence of our Intentions make us blind to the Folly of so rash an Enterprize.

For my Part, tho' I was a good deal of *Aurora's* Opinion, as to the Rashness of her Design; I resolv'd, however, not to play the Pedagogue. On the contrary, I fell to gilding the Pill, and under-

took to prove, that this strange Project was only a Piece of harmless Wit, which pleased my Mistress to the Heart: for Lovers expect their most idle Thoughts to be approved and flattered. We now look'd upon this Undertaking as little else than a Comedy, which we were to play as well as we could, and first chose our Actors out of the Family, and then distributed the Parts. Thus far we went on without Clamour or Quarrel, for we were no Actors by Trade. Dame Ortiz was to play *Aurora's* Aunt, by the Name of *Donna Chimena de Gusman*; she was to have a Man and a Maid; and *Aurora* in the Dress of a Cavalier, was to have me for her *Valet de Chambre*, and one of her Women, disguised like a Page, to attend her in private. The Characters thus cast, we return'd to *Madrid* where we heard that Don *Lewis* still remain'd, but that he was shortly to go to *Salamanca*. We got our acting Dresses made with all Speed, and when done, my Mistress had them neatly pack'd up, as they were only to be worn in Time and Place. At length committing the Care of the House to her *Majordomo*, she set out in a Coach drawn by four Mules, took the Road to the Kingdom of *Leon*, with such of the Servants who had any Part to act in this Comedy, and at length reach'd *Salamanca*. There we hired a ready furnish'd House, and Dame Ortiz, as was before agreed, took upon her the Name of *Donna Chimena de Gusman*. She has been a *Duegna* too long, not to be well skil'd in her Part. One Morning we went out with *Aurora*, and found the House were *Pacheco* commonly lodged. She ask'd if they had an Apartment to let: and was shew'd a very neat one, which she hired. She gave Earnest, and told the Woman of the House it was for a Nephew of hers, coming from *Toledo* to study

study at *Salamanca*, and that she expected him that very Day.

The *Dueña* and my Mistress, after this, return'd to their other House, and the beautiful *Aurora*, without losing Time, transform'd herself into a Cavalier. She cover'd her black Hair with a light Perriwig, painted her Eye-brows of the same Colour, and decked herself out, in such a Manner, as to make a smart young Gentleman. Her Mien was so free and easy, that nothing but her too pretty Face, could possibly betray the Disguise. The Maid too, who was to personate a Page, disguised herself so, that we did not at all suspect she would play her Part amiss: she was none of the most handsome, and had an Air of Assurance perfectly agreeing with the Character she was to perform. In the Afternoon these two Actresses, being confident they could now safely appear upon the Stage of their new Lodging, set out thither in the Company of my Worship, in a Coach, with all the Things, we reckon'd we should stand in need of.

The Landlady, Mrs. *Bernarda Ramirez*, received us with great Civility, and led us to our Apartment, where we had some talk with her, and agreed for our Board by the Month. We then asked her if she had many Lodgers besides: No, replied she; but I need not want for them, were I willing to take in any sort of People: For my part, I chuse none but young Noblemen. This very Evening I expect one from *Madrid*. 'Tis Don *Lewis Pacheco*: perhaps you have heard of him. No, replied *Aurora*, I can't say I know him; and should be glad if you would give me some Account of him, as we are to lodge in the same House. Sir, said the Landlady, he is a very fine Gentleman, I assure you; I think not unlike yourself. Ah! you'll

you'll be excellent Company for each other ! By St. *Jago*, I may now boast that I have for Lodgers the two prettiest Gentlemen in all *Spain*. This Don *Lewis* then, replied *Aurora*, is I presume a happy Fellow among the Girls here ? Ay, that he is, answer'd the Old Woman ; a Gallant every Inch of him. He need only shew himself, and Conquests drop in upon him plentifully. Among the rest, he has charm'd a young Lady of great Beauty, whose Name is *Isabella*, the Daughter of an old musty Lawyer ; she is almost mad for him. Pray Madam, interrupted *Aurora*, is he too, as fond of her ? He loved her very passionately, answered *Ramirez*, before his Departure for *Madrid* : But whether he still continues in the same Mind is a doubt, for he is a little given to wavering, as your young Noblemen generally are.

The good Woman had hardly done speaking, when we heard a Noise in the Court, and looking out of the Window, saw lighting from their Horses, Don *Lewis Pacheco*, and a *Valet de Chambre*. The old Woman run to receive him ; and my Mistress prepared herself, not without some Anxiety, to act the Part of Don *Felix*. Don *Lewis*, soon afterwards, came in booted and spurred as he was. I was informed, says he, saluting *Aurora*, there is a young Nobleman of *Toledo* lodges here. He will give me leave to congratulate myself, in being under the same Roof with him. My Mistress return'd this Compliment, and *Pacheco* seem'd surprized to see so handsome a Cavalier. After many Compliments, Don *Lewis* retired into his Apartment.

Whilst he was pulling off his Boots, and changing his Cloaths, a Page, who wanted to deliver him a Letter, happening to meet with *Aurora* upon the Stair-case, took her for Don *Lewis*, and gave her the

the Billet: There, Signior Cavalier, said he; tho' I never saw Don *Pacheco* in my Life, I don't think I need ask you if you are he. I dare say I am not mistaken. No, no, says she, with an admirable Presence of Mind; you are mighty right. I shall take care to send an Answer. Upon this, the Page disappear'd, and *Aurora*, shutting herself up with the Maid and myself, open'd the Letter, and read as follows: *I have just heard that you are at Salamanca. With how much Pleasure was I inform'd of this agreeable News! transported beyond my Wits with Joy. And do you still love Isabella? Come then, and assure her that you are still the same as when you parted from her. Shou'd she find you constant, her Rapture will be insupportable.*

A most passionate Billet, says *Aurora*; here's a Heart deeply in Love, with a Witness. This Lady is a Rival not to be despised. Don *Lewis's* Affection must be taken off, he must visit her no more. The Undertaking is somewhat difficult: However I may happen to accomplish my Design. Here *Aurora* began to study; and a Moment after added: If they are not divided in less than four and twenty Hours, I'll forfeit my Life. *Pacheco*, having taken a little Repose in his own Apartment, came to ours, and fell again into Conversation, with *Aurora* before Supper. Signior, says he, jesting, I believe the Husbands and Lovers will have no Cause to rejoice at your coming to *Salamanca*; by your Looks you give them some Disturbance. For my Part, I expect to lose all my Conquests. Your Fear, said my Mistress, is not very ill grounded. Don *Felix de Mendocia* is somewhat formidable, I can tell you. Besides, I know something of the Ground here. The Women are none of the most cruel. About a Month since, riding thro' this Town, I stay'd here
eight

eight Days; and *entre nous*, inflamed the Daughter of an old Lawyer.

Don *Lewis* was not a little uneasy at these Words: Might one ask the Lady's Name, says he, without being too free? Oh, you are heartily welcome, answer'd Don *Felix*; Why should I make a Secret of such an Affair? Don't think I am more reserved than other People of my Age. Besides, between you and I, the Woman does not deserve so much Regard. She is only a Cit, and a Man of Quality is never seriously in Love with those People; he thinks he does them Honour enough, in condescending to dishonour them. Without any further Ceremony, the Lady's called *Isabella*; and her Father is, interrupted *Pacheco*, impatiently, *Murcia de Llanna*, is he not? The same, reply'd my Mistress. Here's a Letter she just now sent me. Read it, and you'll judge whether my Princess is fond of me or no. Don *Lewis* cast his Eyes upon the Letter, and knowing the Hand, was in the utmost Confusion and Disturbance. Hey dey! continued *Aurora*, in a Surprise: You change Colour: I'm afraid you have some Interest in the Lady! if so, I am very sorry I spoke with such Freedom.

I am rather obliged to you for it, reply'd Don *Lewis*: Base Woman! Don *Felix*! You have delivered me from an Error, in which I might long have remain'd. I imagined myself beloved, nay, adored by *Isabella*; but I find she is a meer Coquet, and deserves only Contempt. I can't help approving your Resentment, answers *Aurora*: A Creature of her mean Birth, surely might have been contented with one Nobleman at a Time, especially so agreeable a Man as you are! Her Inconstancy will admit of no Excuse; and, to punish her, I am resolved to condemn her Favours. For my Part, answer'd *Pacheco*, I will never see her again. That's
all

all the Revenge I mean to take. You are very much in the right, cry'd the false *Mendocia*. Yet, to shew her how little we both care for her, if you'd take my Advice, we'd each of us write her an insulting Letter. I'll seal them up both together, and send them as an Answer to her Billet. But before we proceed to these Extremities, consult your Heart; perhaps you may soon repent having broken with *Isabella*. No, no, interrupted *Don Lewis*, I shall never be so weak; I'll do any Thing in order to mortify the ungrateful Woman.

Upon this, they sat down to write a Letter to the Lady. *Pacheco* could not think of Words home enough to express his Mind. However, at last he finish'd it: It ran thus: *Learn, my Princess, to know yourself better; and not be vain enough to fancy I love you. It must be another Sort of Merit than yours, to engage My Affections. Your Charms have not Power enough to amuse a Gentleman for a Moment. The lowest Scholar in the whole University, is too good for you.* *Aurora*, having finish'd hers, which was of the same Strain, seal'd them both up, and put them in a Case: *Gil Blas*, says she, deliver this Packet to *Isabella* this Evening.

I went about my Business, and being got into the Street: So Signior *Gil Blas*, says I to myself; you are to act the *Valet* in this Comedy, are you? Well then, Friend, let us see that you have Wit enough to perform so considerable a Part with Applause. Signior *Don Felix* thought it was enough to tip the Wink: You see he depends upon your Contrivance for the rest, has he judg'd wrong in so doing? No, I guess his Meaning. I am to deliver *Don Lewis's* Billet only, nothing can be more plain: I immediately therefore unsealed the Packet, took out *Pacheco's* Letter, and carried it to the Lady; the little Page who was sent to our Lodging was at the Door, Brother, says I to him, are not you a Sort of an Attendant upon *Dr. Murcia's* Daughter?

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Yes,

Yes, replies he. You have so officious a Physiognomy says I, that I must make bold to desire you to give this Billet-doux to your Mistress.

The Page ask'd me who it came from, and I no sooner told him from Don *Lewis Pacheco*, than he bid me follow him, for he had Orders to bring me to *Isabella* herself. I followed him into a little Chamber, where I found the Lady. I own I was surprized at her Beauty; I never saw more regular Features. Friend, said she, with an obliging Countenance, do you belong to Don *Lewis Pacheco*? I answered, that I had been his *Valet de Chambre* for about three Weeks. And then I deliver'd her the fatal Epistle, she read it over two or three Times, cou'd hardly believe what she saw, lifted up her Eyes to Heaven, bit her Lips, and shew'd in her Face the Uneasiness she felt in her Heart. Afterwards, addressing herself to me: Friend, says she, is Don *Lewis* run mad? If you are able, pray inform me. What Demon is he possess'd with? If he has an Inclination to break with me, cannot he do it without affronting me so very grossly? Madam, says I, my Master is certainly in the wrong: But he was under a Necessity of doing what he did. If you will be secret, I'll tell you the whole Mystery. I promise you to be as secret as you can desire, reply'd she hastily, I'll never betray you: Speak boldly. Well then, answer'd I, the Matter stands thus. A Moment after he received your Letter, there enter'd our Lodgings a Woman cover'd with a Veil, she ask'd for Signior *Pacheco*, talk'd to him in private, and at last I heard her say to him; You swear, you will never see her again; but that won't satisfy me: Write her a Letter this Moment, as I shall dictate it: This I insist on. Don *Lewis* did as she desired, and, giving me the Letter, bid me enquire out the House of Dr. *Murcia de la Llan-na*, and get this Note into the Hands of *Isabella*.

You see, Madam, by this the Letter is the Work
of

of a Rival, and consequently my Master not so guilty. O Heaven! cry'd she, this is worse than the other. His Infidelity offends me more than the Words he writes to me. Ah Faithless! — But, let him follow his new Mistress without Constraint: I don't intend to disturb him in the least. Tell him I should have left my Rival a clear Stage, without his insulting me in this Manner; and that I despise so wavering a Lover too much to endeavour to keep him mine.

For my Part I departed well satisfied with what I had done, and fancy'd I might in Time come to be a very able Trickster, if I wou'd but apply my Talents that Way. I return'd, and found *Mendocia* and *Pacheco* at Supper, conversing as freely as if they had been old Acquaintance; *Aurora* saw by my Looks, I had acquitted myself of my Commission with Success. Well, *Gil Blas*, says she; what Answer. I said I had deliver'd the Packet with my own Hands, and that *Isabella*, having read the two Billet-doux contain'd in it, fell into such a Fit of Laughter, that I took her for a Mad-woman; and when her Mirth was a little over, she cry'd out: Why the Gentlemen have a very pretty Style, I have hardly known any body write half so agreeably. She carried it off then triumphantly, says *Aurora*: This is a Coquet with a Vengeance! For my part, says Don *Lewis*, I stand amazed at *Isabella's* acting in this Manner. She is strangely alter'd sure, during my Absence; I own, reply'd *Aurora*, I could never have believed this of her, no more than you. But some Women are artful enough to assume all Shapes. I have formerly been in Love myself with one of these Creatures, who jilted me a long while. *Gil Blas* will tell you what a demure Air she had. 'Tis very true, says I, officiously, she had a Look would have cozen'd the wisest Man in the World. I myself might have been caught by it.

At this, *Pacheco*, and the false *Mendocia*, laugh'd

heartily; the one at the Testimony I bore against an imaginary Lass, the other at the Terms I made use of. The Remainder of the Discourse turned upon those Women that know how to disguise their Thoughts and Looks, and the Result of our Conference was, that *Isabella* was condemned for a Jilt. Don *Lewis* again protests, he would never see her more, and Don *Felix*, after his Example, swore he would hold her in the greatest Contempt. In Consequence of these Protestations, they contracted a Friendship together, mutually promised to keep nothing secret from each other. After other Compliments, when Supper was over, each retired to his Apartment. I follow'd *Aurora*, and gave her an exact Account of the Discourse I had with *Isabella*, without omitting the least Circumstance; I thought my Mistress wou'd have kiss'd me for Joy: Dear *Gil Blas*, says she, I am charm'd with thee. When we are obliged to have Recourse to Stratagems and Artifices, what an Advantage is it to have so exact an Assistant as you are? We have defeated one Rival that might have given us some Trouble, but we Lovers are liable to strange Turns of Fortune, I am for making short Work of it, and bringing myself upon the Stage To-morrow. I approv'd her Resolution, and retired to my little Closet, where my Bed stood.

The two new Friends got together next Morning, went out to walk about the Town, and I attended upon them, together with *Chilindron* Don *Lewis*'s Valet: We return'd to our Lodging about Dinner-time. My Mistress sat down to Table with *Pacheco*, and artfully turn'd the Conversation upon her own Family: My Father, says she, is a younger Brother of the Family of *Mendocia*, settled at *Toledo*; and my Mother is Sister to *Donna Chimena de Gusman*, who is lately come to *Salamanca* about an important Affair, with her Niece *Aurora*, the only Daughter of Don *Vincent de Gusman*, who I suppose you know.

No

No, but I have often heard talk of him, says Don *Lewis*, as also of your Cousin *Aurora*. May I believe what is said of her? 'Tis reported that nothing can equal her Wit and Beauty. As for Wit, answer'd Don *Felix*, 'tis true she is in no Want of it; her Education too, has been no small Addition to it: But she is far from very handsome. They say we Two are like one another. If so, cry'd *Pacheco*, she does not come short of her Character. Your Features are very regular: I wish I cou'd talk with her a little. I can satisfy your Curiosity, reply'd the false *Mendocia*, this very Day, I'll carry you to my Aunt's sometime this Afternoon if you will.

After this she turn'd off the Discourse, and talk'd of other Matters: In the Afternoon, while they were preparing to pay a Visit to Donna *Chimena*, I slip't out to the *Duegna*, that she might be ready to receive them. I then return'd to wait upon Don *Felix*, who carried Don *Lewis* to his Aunt's House. They were scarce enter'd, when they met *Chimena*, who beckon'd to them not to make a Noise: Softly, softly, says she, in a low Voice, you will wake my Niece, she has a terrible Fit of the Head-ach, and is laid down a little. I am sorry for this Disappointment, said *Mendocia*, I was in great Hopes we should have seen her; for I brought my Friend *Pacheco* along with me, purely for that Purpose. The two Cavaliers, after talking with the old Woman, took their Leave and retired.

Don *Lewis* carried us to a young Gentleman of his Acquaintance, call'd Don *Gabriel de Pedros*, where we pass'd the rest of the Day, supp'd, and staid till Two in the Morning. About half way home, we found two Men stretch'd out upon the Ground, whom we supposed unfortunate Wretches murder'd by Villains, and therefore stopt to give them Assistance, if it was not too late. As we were examining if they had any Life remaining, the

Watch

Watch came, who at first took us for the Murderers, but had a better Opinion of us when they heard us speak, and with the Help of their dark Lanthorns, discover'd the Faces of *Mendocia* and *Pacheco*. Afterwards they examined the two Men they imagined we had kill'd, and found them to be an unwieldy Licentiate with his Footman, both dead drunk. Gentlemen, cried one of the Watch, I know this great fat Fellow. 'Tis the Licentiate *Guyomar*, Rector of our University. For all he looks thus, he's one of the greatest Scholars at *Salamanca*. There's ne'er a Philosopher of them all, but what he lays upon his Back in a Dispute. His Tongue is never tired. He is just now come from his *Isabella*, and by bad Luck, his Guide is got as drunk as himself, and are both tumbled into the Kennel. But this often happen'd to him before he was Rector. Honour, you see, does not always change Mens Manners. We left the two Sots in the Hands of the Watch, who took care of them, and went straight to our Lodgings, and thought of nothing but taking our Rest.

About Noon Don *Felix* and Don *Lewis* arose, and *Aurora de Gusman* was the first Thing they talk'd of. *Gil Blas*, says my Mistress, go to my Aunt, and ask if Signior *Pacheco* and I can see my Cousin to-day. I went on my Errand, or rather to consult with the *Dueña* what we should do. When we had concerted Measures, I return'd to *Mendocia*: Sir, says I, your Cousin *Aurora* order'd me to tell you that your Visit will be very agreeable; and *Donna Chimena* bid me assure Signior *Pacheco*, that for your Sake he shou'd always be extremely welcome to her House.

Don *Lewis* was much pleas'd with these last Words. Just before Dinner, *Chimena's* Footman appear'd, and said to Don *Felix*: Sir, a Man from *Toledo* came to ask for you at my Lady your Aunt's, and left this Note for you. *Mendocia* open'd it, and read: *If you would bear News of your Father, and other important Affairs, you must go to the Black-Horse*

Horfe near the University, immediately upon the Receipt of this Note. I'm so impatient to hear this News, says he, that I'm resolv'd to be gone this Moment. Signior *Pacheco*, continued he, if I am not back in two Hours, go to my Aunts without me. I'll be with you there in the Afternoon. The Message *Gil Blas* brought you, gives you a very good Pretence to visit there. Upon these Words he went out, and order'd me to follow him.

You will imagine, that instead of the the *Black-Horse*, we went to *Ortiz's* House. The Moment we got there, *Aurora* pull'd off her Perriwig, wash'd her Eye-brows, put on her own Dress, and became a handsome brown Girl, as she naturally was. Her Disguise alter'd her so much, that no body wou'd ever have taken *Aurora* and Don *Felix* for the same. When she had added to her Charms all the Assistance of Art, she waited for Don *Lewis*, in an Emotion mixed with Fear and Hope. Sometimes she thought she might trust all to her Wit and Beauty; at others, she trembled for fear she should prove unsuccessful in this her first Attempt. *Ortiz*, on her side, prepared to do her best. For my Part, as I was not to be seen in that House, but like those Actors, who do not appear upon the Stage till the latter End of the Play, I went my Way as soon as I had got my Dinner.

At length every Thing being in a Readiness, in comes Don *Lewis*. He was received with great Complaisance by *Chimena*, and had two or three Hours Talk with *Aurora*; at the End of which I enter'd the Chamber, and addressing myself to the Cavalier: Signior, says I, my Master Don *Felix* can't wait upon you here to Day. He begs you to excuse him. He is with Three *Toledans*, from whom he can't possibly get away. Ah, the Debauchee, cry'd *Donna Chimena*; he is got into Drinking, I dare lay my Life. No, Madam, replied I, they are upon very serious Affairs. He's

extremely sorry that he can't come according to his Promise. He charged me to tell this, both to you and *Donna Aurora*. Indeed, says my Mistress, I shan't admit this Excuse; he knows I have been ill: He ought to be more tender of his Relations than this comes to. But, to punish him, he shan't see me again this Fortnight. Oh, Madam, cried *Don Lewis*, do not form so cruel a Resolution: *Don Felix*, I dare say, thinks it Punishment enough to lose the Pleasure of your Conversation.

They continued upon this Subject for some Time: when *Pacheco* retired. The charming *Aurora* immediately changed her Dress, reassumed her Cavalier's Habit, and returned to our Lodging as soon as possible: You'll forgive me, my dear Friend, said she to *Don Lewis*, for not coming to you at my Aunt's; I did not know how to get rid of the Company I was in. But, however, I hope you have gratify'd your Curiosity, What do you think of my Cousin? She has bewitch'd me, replied *Pacheco*: You said true when you told me she was like you. I never saw Features more resembling: The same Turn of the Face, the same Eyes, the same Mouth, the same Voice. There is some Difference indeed, *Aurora* is taller than you: She is brown and you are fair: you are gay, she, serious; and this is all there is to distinguish one from the other. As for Wit, continued he, I don't believe a Celestial Substance itself can have more than your Cousin. In a Word, she's the most compleat Woman that my Eyes ever beheld.

Signior *Pacheco* pronounced these last Words very seriously; and *Don Felix* smiling, Friend, says he, go no more to *Chimena's*: take this Advice for your Repose. *Aurora de Gusman* may inspire you with a Passion ——— I need not see her again, interrupted he, to be in love with her; that Work is done already. I'm very sorry to hear that, replied the pretended *Mendocia*; for you are
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not a Man that will settle, and my Cousin is no *Isabella*. I can tell you, *Aurora* wou'd hardly receive a Lover, whose Views were not honourable. Honourable! replied Don *Lewis*: Can you think of any Thing less, to a Woman of her Birth? Alas, I should look upon myself as the happiest of Mortals, if she approved of my Addresses so far, as to tie her Destiny to mine.

If you are thereabouts, replied Don *Felix*, I'll do you all the good Offices in my Power: And I will engage to bring over my Aunt to your Interests, and she has a very great Influence upon my Cousin. *Pacheco* returned a thousand Thanks to a Cavalier, who fed him with such pleasing Hopes, and we saw with Joy, our Plot took as we could wish. The next Day, we increased Don *Lewis*'s Passion by a new Invention. My Mistress, after having been to wait upon *Donna Chimena*, under Pretence of proposing him to her, return'd to their Lodging: I have talked with my Aunt, says she, and had no small Trouble to make her your Friend. She was mightily prejudiced against you. I can't imagine who could have given her such an ill Character of you: But I took your Part boldly, and have at length wiped off the ill Impressions she had received of you.

But this is not all, continued *Aurora*; I have a Mind you should have some Conversation with my Aunt in my Presence. *Pacheco* seem'd impatient to talk with *Chimena*, and that Satisfaction was granted him next Morning. The false *Mendocia* carried him to Dame *Ortiz*, and all three had a Conversation together, wherein Don *Lewis* shew'd that he had suffer'd himself to be very much inflamed in a short Time. The crafty *Chimena* pretended to be moved at his Tendernefs, and promised to do all she cou'd to persuade her Niece to accept of him. *Pacheco* threw himself at the Feet of so good an Aunt, and thank'd her for such Favours.



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